

ROTTEN OF THE DAY

SMOOTH AS HIS OIL.

Certain of the pious youth of New York, says the Journal, must surely still remember the instructive moment when Mr. John D. Rockefeller appeared before them with a well-thumbed memorandum book in his hands and told them of the little earnings and modest beneficence of his youth. They listened spellbound while he told of his earnings of \$6 a week, a gift of 25 cents to foreign missions, 10 cents to Bible societies, and various sums to divers beneficiaries. And when the multi-millionaire, trying to look as if he yearned for the days of penury again, closed by saying that he held it the duty of every man to get all the money he could honestly, and then give it all away, his auditors felt that there indeed was a true guide for youth through life's thorny path. When the Ohio Legislature is not electing corruptionists and bribees to the United States Senate it is usually engaged in investigating the methods by which Mr. Rockefeller gets his money "honestly." It was so employed recently when John Teagle, an oil refiner, testified before it. Mr. Teagle swore that the agents of John D. Rockefeller tried to bribe his book-keeper with an offer of \$50 a week, to give the Standard Oil Company information regarding his shipments, prices, cost of manufacture, etc. This book-keeper pretended to be complaisant, and actually received one payment for helping Mr. Rockefeller to undermine his employer's business. It seems that the Bibles are not the only books which interest Mr. Rockefeller; the books of his competitors also engage his attention. And perhaps in the memorandum of charitable disbursements now he puts down the sums benevolently paid to indigent employees of his business rivals in consideration of their treachery to their employers. At any rate, Mr. Rockefeller is living up to the first part of his counsel to aspiring youth. He is getting all the money he can. We note that the dividends paid to this eminent churchman and philanthropist from the Standard Oil holdings in 1897 are estimated at \$7,500,000, and still the man who wants to make a living refining oil must be fought with weapons ranging all the way from corruption to explosives.

An Insult to Germans.

In the name of the Democratic party and the 6,500,000 voters who cast their ballot for Bryan in 1896, we protest against this vicious attempt on the part of the combined Republican press of the United States to throw discredit on the German race and character by repeatedly charging that Germany is against us in the war with Spain. It is an insult to a nation that has always been our friend, an insult to a class of our adopted countrymen who have always been loyal to our flag. This base slander is uttered in the interest of the proposed Anglo-American alliance, the one great object of the Republican party. The fact that the victims of the insult on this side of the Atlantic have in the past supported the Republican party seems to have little weight with the Republican press. The only gratitude it knows is slander. The day of reckoning is approaching. The German Americans are having their eyes opened. Once they believed that the Republican party was the best for this country. Now they see it is narrow, bigoted and anti-American in its politics. That will not suit the Germans. They are coming to understand the Democratic party. Events of the past few years have taught them a lesson. We welcome the German Americans to the ranks of Democracy. And this is not merely because they will make victory for us certain, but because we love the sturdy and unflinching characteristics of the race. It was this same low, contemptible bigotry that drove Irish Americans into our ranks, where they have ever found the hand of true brotherhood as well as a chance to labor earnestly for a cause that is God's. When the Republican party finds its true level it will be mainly composed of a few Anglo-manics (those what-its-it that look so uncomfortable in male attire) and their progenitors, the trusts and newspapers established and supported here by British capital.—National Democrat.

Down with the Trusts.

With nearly two thousand millions of dollars invested in pools and trusts, the United States is certainly menaced by a great and growing evil. Recognizing this fact, the Democratic State Convention of Illinois adopted the following as one plank of the party platform: "We demand the adoption of national and State laws that will abolish pools and trusts which unite in unlawful combinations, corporations engaged in the same line of business for the increase of prices and the decrease of wages, thereby largely augmenting profits at the expense of both consumer and laborer." Consumers are placed almost entirely at the mercy of the trusts. Prices are advanced without fear of these combines, for they have killed competition. Hardly an article of common use can be mentioned that is not absolutely controlled by a syndicate of manufacturers. Among the boldest of these organizations are the Sugar Trust and the Standard Oil Trust. The Steel Trust, the Leather Trust, the Cordage Trust, will occur to the mind of the most casual thinker. Aside from their power to increase prices and to lower wages, these combines threaten the lib-

erties of the people. They corrupt courts and legislatures; they coerce employees to vote for the candidate who will make laws favoring the combines, and thus they perpetuate their power. It is wise and patriotic on the part of the Democracy to oppose these institutions, and the plank of the Illinois State platform expressing this opposition ought to commend itself to every honest and to every patriotic man.

Income Tax.

That the Democratic platform adopted at the State convention of Illinois is worthy of hearty approval on the part of the people needs no argument. Following the silver plank comes a declaration that will appeal to the sense of justice in every heart not hardened by selfish interest. This plank reads as follows: "We demand the adoption of a fair and equitable tax on incomes and an amendment to the constitution of the United States if necessary, to accomplish this purpose." This is just and reasonable on its face. As the law now stands the burden of taxation is placed on the shoulders of those least able to pay it. The man who has an income of \$10,000 a year may be able to avoid taxation entirely, but the man who earns a dollar a day must pay heavy taxation and has no chance to evade such payment. By the vote of one man on the supreme bench it has been decided that an income tax is unconstitutional. Although this is simply the opinion of one man, it is binding so long as it is not reversed, and perhaps the simplest way to reverse it is to secure a constitutional amendment. In the long run justice will be secured, and the Democratic party of Illinois is pledged by its platform to aid in its securing, not only in this case, but in other cases which will be referred to later on.

Where Is Fitzhugh Lee?

What has the War Department done with Gen. Fitzhugh Lee? Miles went to Porto Rico, Merritt has gone to Manila, Shafter has captured Santiago and Wheeler was with the big general and helped to bring about the big event. But where is Lee? Sampson was an unknown quantity forced upon the navy by political influence, and from being an unknown quantity has developed into a palpable and too well-known cipher. Schley won the naval victory over Cervera, and Sampson turned up just in time to claim what Schley had won. Thus it seems that politics has had something to do with securing positions of advantage, and perhaps there may be more or less of politics in the suppression of Lee. By right of a full knowledge of the country, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee should have been given an opportunity at the front in Cuba, but up to date that position has been denied him. Is it possible that Gen. Lee is too popular with the people of the United States to please the politicians at Washington?—Chicago Dispatch.

Several Nations Should Note It.

Labouchere sees in the Italian riots this lesson for England. From the terrible condition of Italy we should learn a lesson, or what has befallen her will ultimately befall us. We should give home rule to Ireland, and thus put an end to the discontent there; we should reduce and not increase taxation; what we do levy in taxes should be spent for the welfare of the community, instead of being squandered in buccannery and in the armaments that are rendered necessary for our predatory habits. Peace, economy and reform are sought nowadays as not fitted for this enlightened age. We should revert to them. Public taxation in Italy has reached a point where of every dollar a laborer earns the state takes half to spend on the army, the navy, the officials and the aristocracy. Meanwhile the unofficial taxation levied by monopoly, by landlords, takes a good share of the remaining half, or denies opportunity to earn any dollar at all. England is not the only nation that may learn this.

Folly of the Dingley Tariff.

One of the minor barbarities of the customs officials, as illustrated in the duties imposed upon a collection of eighteenth century miniatures imported by a resident of New York. These were portraits of various celebrities painted upon ivory, some in metal frames and some set in covers of snuff boxes and other articles of ivory and metal. The appraisers have decided that the articles must pay duty ranging from 35 and 45 to 60 per cent., as manufactures of ivory, metal or jewelry. This is doubtless necessary to protect the native manufacturers of antiques.—Philadelphia Times.

Direct Legislation Not a Panacea.

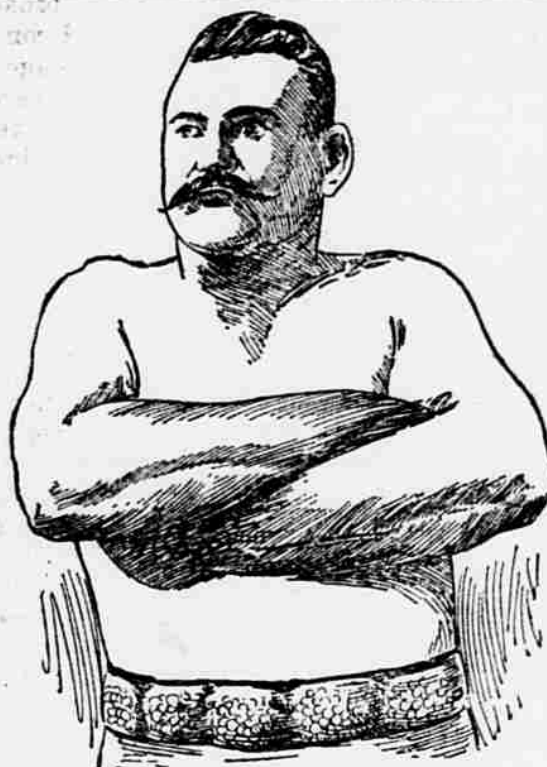
No, direct legislation is not a panacea for all national ills. In fact, it is not a panacea at all. It is merely a spoon with which the panacea could be administered. Specific legislation is the panacea for political ills, and direct legislation the method that can be secured. A sick man may need a different number of medicines, but they can all be administered with one spoon. If the nurse went to get a spoon with which to administer the medicine, you would not say that she considered the spoon the panacea for all the sick man's ills.—New Era.

In Bad Taste.

About a steen Republican exchanges a day tell us that Bryan is a dead duck. If he is, it seems to us it is exceeding bad taste to make so much fuss at a funeral.—Washington (Pa.) Democrat.

THE "TERRIBLE TURK."

Ismail Yousouf, Giant Wrestler, Miser and Glutton, Who Died in the Sea. Somewhere on the bottom of the Atlantic, sixty miles or more south of Sable Island, there is lying in the tangled wreckage of La Bourgogne the massively muscular body of a man; and in a leathern belt around that man's waist are gold coins to the amount of \$8,500, a goodly weight. The man was Ismail Yousouf, Turk, wrestler, protegee of the Sultan, miser, glutton. The weight about his waist was what did him to death. When the French liner went down it was a hand-to-hand fight among the passengers and crew for possession of the boats. Is-



THE TURK AND HIS MONEY-BELT.

mail Yousouf was a giant, a wild beast for strength, and he might have thrust scores aside when he made for a boat. But the belt was about him and he thought more of that than he did of the boat or himself. So he went down with it and the world has lost a unique figure from among her men of might. Incidentally Scutari, which smiles complacently opposite Stamboul, has lost its demi-god; for Yousouf was revered and feared in Scutari, whence he came. Yousouf was on his way home to open a coffee or bazar or some such place of indolent business where he might put more gold into his belt and stuff more food under his belt. For Yousouf was a gourmand of the most insatiable sort. The "Terrible Turk" had never really been beaten until the belt gripped him this last time. Men won from him on fouts, but not by strength. It was his inviolable rule, until William A. Brady began to manage him, to go into a bout with the belt around him. But Brady at once changed this order of things by compelling the Turk to divest himself of the "cinch," for Yousouf wore it tight—before entering the ring. There was \$2,500 in gold in the belt at that time, which made the Turk overweight. And from the moment the belt was off until the bout was over Yousouf was in agony. He was like a Samson shorn of his strength.

ALTAR MADE OF ICE.

Remarkable Outdoor Religious Service Held in Russia.

Accompanying illustration shows an outdoor Russian church service, the altar being made of ice. These services are common all over the dominions ruled by the Czar, and particularly so at this time of the year. They begin at the season of Whitsuntide, and are held at intervals during the months that follow.

The altar of ice is supposed to be typical of Whit (or White) Sunday, and the services are held by the priests of the Russian church, to induce people to give up their evil habits and live a pure and holy life. The sight of one of these gatherings, with the priests and choir arrayed in spotless white garments, is indeed an impressive one, and the singing and chanting which accompany the kneeling of the congregation before the altar are never forgotten by those who have been present.

Some of the altars look very beautiful, for some men are masters of the



THE ALTAR OF ICE.

art of ice-cutting, and artistically model the block of ice. In the villages it generally consists of a rude block of ice surmounted by a cross.

HIS NERVE

Got This Drummer a Job that Belonged to Another.

"That was a strange experience," admitted the traveling man when some one had recalled the incident to him. "I'll tell you on the level that it converted me to the theory that there is a destiny that shapes our end, and that the fellow who is willing to drift is not such a chump after all."

"As the boys say, I was on my uppers." No one questioned my ability on the road. I could sell goods to men who had no real use for them, and you'll admit that to be the supreme test of a drummer. If I had one forte above another, it was that of selling stores. I could get rid of a hard-coal burner in a soft-coal district, and I could place a consignment of wood stores in the middle of a prairie district.

"One morning I waked up in the modern Troy of New York, without a

cent and without a job. To most men the situation would have been as cold as a polar expedition, but, as I intimated, I'm a fatalist. After jollying the bartender for a patriotic cocktail and the barber for a shave, I went to the nearest stove factory. The clock struck 12 just as I entered the place. Before the handsome young man at the desk could say a word I had told him that I was on time. I think the remark was the inspiration of an extremity.

"We'll not stop to discuss terms at this time," he said. "You have an hour in which to catch a train. Here's your expense money. It is a new route, but it will serve to try you out." I was knocked daffy, but I took the money, caught the train and sold stoves right and left. In a week I had a letter from the house asking who in the world I was and where I came from. The other fellow, for whom I was mistaken, had shown up and claimed the job. But they told me to fire away, and they raised my salary. I'm with 'em yet."—Detroit Free Press.

NEW FIGURE FOR WOMEN.

Athletics Have Revolutionized the Ideal Feminine Form.

Athletics have revolutionized woman's figure. They have increased the measurements of the ideal feminine figure several inches. The absence of corsets has had something to do with the matter also, but not to the extent of athletics. The accompanying figure of the present type of athletic American woman was drawn by a New York woman artist. It shows an increase of girth all around. The measurements, in fact, are almost heroic and do not greatly differ from those of the Venus of Milo, which heretofore has had no modern prototypes. If the Venus of Milo were reduced to life size she would measure:

Height, 5 feet 8 1/2 inches.
Weight, if a living woman, 170 pounds.
Neck, 13 1/2 inches.
Bust, 38 inches.
Waist, 31 inches.

The artist's model is not a professional. She is a young woman of the leisure class who is devoted to athlet-



NEW MEASUREMENTS.

ics, swimming and bicycling being the two branches of sport in which she is most interested. Her measurements are:

Height, 5 feet 7 inches.
Weight, 160 pounds.
Neck, 14 inches.
Bust, 38 inches.
Waist, 27 inches.
Arm, 13 inches.

See how these measurements compare to the Milo and differ from the fashionable wasp-waisted figure of five years ago. Then the average woman prided herself on wearing a 12 1/2-inch collar and a 20-inch corset.

The modern woman must be a creature of iron nerves. She must even be able to stand without flinching the supreme test of seeing a mouse run across the floor. And as for fainting, that piece de resistance of the heroine of twenty-five years ago would be absolutely fatal to the modern tactics of feminine warfare. With the advent of the new figure a more healthy tone is creeping into the feminine mind. Young girls who go in for all sorts of exercise are not afraid to acknowledge good healthy appetites and normal sentiments. Who could be otherwise than healthy-minded who proudly owns to a good appetite and a 27-inch waist.

Figurative Speech.

As an example of the error of talking figuratively to those who do not appreciate, and who are apt to take everything literally, this story is worth reading. The respected superintendent of a Sunday school had told his boys that they should endeavor to bring their neighbors to the school, saying that they should be like a train, the scholar being the engine and his converts the cars.

Judge of his surprise when, next Sunday, the door opened during lessons, and a little boy, making a noise like an engine, ran in, followed by half a dozen others in single file at his back. He came to a halt before the superintendent, who asked the meaning of it all. The naive reply was:

"Please, sir, I'm the engine, and them's the cars."

Germany on the Pingree Idea.

The German government proposes to try to grow potatoes in Africa.

First Theosophist—This settles it; I resign from the society. Second Theosophist—What's the matter? First Theosophist—Why, one of my tenants has gone off without paying his rent, and left a note saying he would try to square up with me in some future existence!—Puck.

Trouble seldom visits a man who isn't looking for it.

HEROES WHO FIGHT FIRE.

Their Risks Increase in the Ratio of Our Progress.

Jacob A. Riis, author of "How the Other Half Lives," and other studies of tenement-house life, contributes to the Century, in the series of "Heroes of Peace," an article on "Heroes who Fight Fire." Mr. Riis says of the fireman:

His life is too full of real peril for him to expose it recklessly—that is to say, needlessly. From the time when he leaves his quarters in answer to an alarm until he returns, he takes a risk that may at any moment set him face to face with death in its most cruel form. He needs nothing so much as a clear head; and nothing is prized so highly, nothing puts him so surely in the line of promotion; for as he advances in rank and responsibility, the lives of others, as well as his own, come to depend on his judgment. The act of conspicuous daring which the world applauds is oftenest to the fireman a matter of simple duty that had to be done in that way because there was no other. Nor is it always, or even usually, the hardest duty, as he sees it. It came easy to him because he is an athlete trained to do such things, and because once for all it is easier to risk one's life in the open, in the sight of one's fellows, than to face death alone, caught like a rat in a trap. That is the real peril which he knows too well, but of that the public hears only when he has fought his last fight, and lost.

How literally our every-day security—of which we think, if we think of it at all, as a mere matter of course—is built upon the supreme sacrifice of these devoted men, we realize at long intervals, when a disaster occurs such as the one in which Chief Bresnan and Foreman Rooney lost their lives three years ago. They were crushed to death under the great water-tank in a 24th street factory that was on fire. Its supports had been burned away. An examination that was then made of the water-tanks in the city discovered eight thousand that were either wholly unsupported, except by the roof-beams, or propped on timbers, and therefore a direct menace, not only to the firemen when they were called there, but daily to those living under them.

Seventeen years ago the collapse of a Broadway building during a fire convinced the community that stone pillars were unsafe as supports. The fire was in the basement, and the firemen had turned the hose on. When the water struck the hot granite columns, they cracked and fell, and the building fell with them. There were upon the roof at the time a dozen men of the crew of Truck Company No. 1 chopping holes to the parapet, and hung there till rescued. Two went down into the furnace from which the flames shot up twenty feet when the roof broke. One, Fireman Thomas J. Dougherty, was a wearer of the Bennett medal, too. His foreman answers on parade-day, when his name is called, that he "died on the field of duty." These, at all events, did not die in vain. Stone columns are not now used in supports for buildings in New York.

So one might go on quoting the perils of the firemen as so many steps forward for the better protection of the rest of us. It was the burning of the St. George Flats, and more recently of the Manhattan Bank, in which a dozen men were disabled, that stamped the average fire-proof construction as faulty and largely delusive. One might even go further, and say that the fireman's risk increases in the ratio of our progress or convenience. The water-tanks came with the very high buildings, which in themselves offer problems to the fire-fighters that have not yet been solved. The very air-shafts that were hailed as the first advance in tenement-house building added enormously to the fireman's work and risk, as well as to the risk of every one dwelling under their roofs by acting as so many huge chimneys that carried the fire to the open windows opening upon them in every story. More than half of all the fires in New York occur in tenement-houses. When the Tenement-House Commission of 1894 sat in this city, considering means of making them safer and better, it received the most practical help and advice from the firemen, especially from Chief Bresnan, whose death occurred only a few days after he had testified as a witness. The recommendations upon which he insisted are now part of the general tenement-house law.

Casan, the Tartar Dwarf.

In the series of papers on "Historic Dwarfs," in St. Nicholas, May Shears Roberts describes the famous Casan. Mrs. Roberts says:

Casan was the name of a little Mongol Tartar who flourished in the early part of the thirteenth century.

He was born in the eastern part of Asia, not far from the ancient city of Karakorum. His parents belonged to one of the barbarian hordes that owed allegiance to Genghis Khan, and Casan became a fierce though small warrior and fought bravely under the banner of the great and mighty Mongol conqueror.

The exact height of this little dwarf is unknown. He was certainly not over three feet tall, but he was active and muscular and like all his race, could endure hunger, thirst, fatigue and cold.

The Tartars were unexcelled in the management of their beautiful horses. The fleetest animals were trained to stop short in full career, and to face without flinching wild beast or formidable foe. Casan was a born soldier, and at an early age became expert in all the exercises that belonged to a Tartar education. He could manage a fiery courser with great skill and could shoot an arrow or throw a lance with unerring aim, in full career, advancing or retreating.

Like many of those small in stature,

he was anything but puny in spirit, and while yet a lad he gathered about him a troop of wild young Tartar boys as reckless and daring as himself, of whom by common consent he became leader. He commanded his lawless young comrades with a strange mixture of dignity and zeal, and they obeyed his orders with energy and willingness. Sometimes they would go on long hunting expeditions, seldom failing to lay waste any lonely habitation they happened on.



Experiments to discover the best fire-resisting material for the construction of doors are said to have proved that wood covered with tin is better than solid iron.

A new process of rendering silk non-inflammable consists in substituting for the nitrated cellulose heretofore used a solution of purified cellulose sulphophosphoric acid.

A plate glass switchboard is one of the novelties of the New York electrical exposition. Slate or marble is invariably used for this purpose, and the wonder is why no one ever thought of plate glass before.

The richest deposit of aluminum in the world has just been discovered near Bowling Green, Ky. An analysis of the clay by the government assayer at St. Louis, Mo., showed the proportion of aluminum contained therein to be 50 per cent.

The human system can endure heat of 212 degrees, the boiling point of water, because the skin is a bad conductor, and on account of the perspiration cooling the body. Men have withstood without injury a heat of 300 degrees for several minutes.

A nineteen-story steel cage construction office building in San Francisco recently underwent a severe test in being shaken by the most violent earthquake which has been experienced there for many years. The building is said to have swayed like a tree, but suffered no material damage.

In Rochester it is proposed to introduce a drinking fountain whose water supply will be delivered as a short, vertical jet or fountain. The person using it places the mouth over the jet and drinks without touching anything but the water itself. This avoids contamination from other users of the fountain.

The new 125-ton gun, intended to be placed on Romer Shoal, in New York harbor, and now receiving its finishing touches at Watervliet, is the largest cannon in existence, six tons heavier and five feet longer than the greatest Krupp gun. Its length is 49 feet 2 inches, and the diameter of its bore sixteen inches. Its projectile will weigh 2,300 pounds, and the firing charge of powder will be nearly 1,000 pounds. The extreme range is calculated at sixteen miles. The total cost of this gun and its mounting will be about \$300,000.

An interesting device for the prompt delivery of letters to the tenants of the upper floors in lofty houses is employed in Geneva. On the ground floor is a letter-box for each of the floors above. When a letter is dropped into one of the boxes it makes an electric contact, which not only sets a bell ringing on the floor for which the letter is intended, but also opens the valve of a water-tank on that floor, by means of which a cylinder, connected with the letter-box by cords and pulleys, is filled with water. When full, the cylinder descends and pulls up the letter-box. The latter, on reaching its destination, automatically dumps its contents, while at the same instant the cylinder discharges its water. The box now outweighs the cylinder, and accordingly descends, lifting the latter to its original position.

Needed His Right Hand.

"I have heard and read many pathetic stories," said Senator Hawke, recently, "but none of them ever awoke so much sad sympathy as one which Professor Galloway related. The professor's favorite pupil—a little deaf-mute boy, exceptionally bright. Mr. Gallaudet asked him if he knew the story of George Washington and the cherry tree. With his nimble fingers the little one said he did, and then he proceeded to repeat it. The noiseless gesticulations continued until the boy had informed the professor of the elder Washington's discovery of the mutilated tree and of his quest for the mutilator. 'When George's father asked him who hacked his favorite cherry tree,' signalled the voiceless child, 'George put his hatchet in his left hand—'

"Stop!" interrupted the professor. "Where do you get your authority for saying he took the hatchet in his left hand?"

"Why," responded the boy, "he needed his right hand to tell his father that he cut the tree."

The Largest Congregation.

The largest congregation in America is that of St. Stanislaus Kostka, in Chicago, which has 30,000 communicants. The number of attendants at the several Sunday services frequently exceeds 15,000.

Where They Missed It.

"I am very much surprised to hear that they are married. I thought he was merely flirting with her."

"He thought so, too."—Collier's Weekly.

We have noticed that every man with a big mustache is very fond of soup.

The turtle may be slow, but he usually gets there in time for the soup.